

THE
D R E A M
OF THE
SOLAN GOOSE,
WITH
A D V I C E
T O

Robin Red-Breast,

Sent in a Packet from *Leith*.



LONDON, Printed in the Year 1709.





The Dream of the Solan Goose, &c.



'M one of those who in *Basse Isle*,
Where *Bear* did govern longest
while,
Lost all my Eggs and Goslings
too,

For *Bear* did make the Deel to do.
I know the *Fox*, and hate his Tricks,
Pray therefore *Bob* send him to *Styx* ;
May *Cur* and *Puss* attend him thither,
And all the Traitors sink together :
Then hearken *Bob* unto my Song,
'Tis good, and therefore not too long.

Why *Bob* dost thou make such a Stir
 With *Fox*, and *Puss*, and *Shabby Cur* ?
 Are there no other Beasts but they,
 That on the harmless Flocks do prey ?
 The Birds thou also hast mistook,
 In naming none of them but *Rook* ;
 For *Robin Redbreast* and the *Finch*
 Did help him out at many a pinch.
 Are there no other Birds of Mark,
 Near *R——nd* and *St. J——s's* Park ?
 Nay some will swear that there is one
 Of *Vultur-kind* near *W———ton*.
Magpys and *Daws*, *Ravens* and *Stork*,
 Near *Fa——ham*, *Fa——ham*, and near *T——k* ;
 But from all those in Groves that dwell,
Robin must bear away the Bell :
 For when he perch'd in Madam's Hall,
 He peck'd and mooted on them all,
 And swore that he himself would be
 Chief in my Lady's Volary :
 Against old *Puss* he did combine
 With brisk young *Kits*, one from the *Seyne*.

Who

Who *Fox's Tabby* did out-do,
 In Wantonness and Knavery too ;
 For which young *Puss* had lost her Head,
 But *Robin* hid her in his Bed.
 His other *Kitt* did make some stir
 Against the *Fox*, Old *Puss*, and *Cur* ;
 Who did at last thrust *Robin* out,
 But this young *Puss* they could not rout ;
 For she still kept my Lady's Favour,
 And all the *Vulturs* swore to save her.
Bob perch'd, and chirp'd, and hop'd about,
 To make his Party with the Rout
 Of *Magpies*, *Daws*, and *Nightingales*,
Blackbirds, *Linnets*, and *Bobtails* ;
 But they from him did fly away,
 And swore he would them all betray,
 As he had done in days of yore,
 Therefore they would trust him no more :
 For tho with *Blackbirds* he was bred,
 With *Nightingales* and *Thrushes* fed,
 Yet when he came to *Stephen's Grove*,
 And Lady's Hall, he wou'd needs rove ;
 Betray'd his old Friends, and their Cause,
 To Carrion *Crows* and Keckling *Daws*,

Vulturs,

Vulturs, and *Kites*, and *Harpys* foul ;
 And screech'd at night like dismal *Owl*.
 He arm'd himself with *Goose's* Quills,
Cock's Spurs, *Kite's* Talons, *Vultur's* Bills ;
 That all the feather'd Tribes did swear,
 Never such Monster haunted there.
 But *Robin*, if thou would'st recover
 Thy former Credit, and come over,
 Without a Trick, to the old Grove
 Where Birds in native Freedom rove :
 Put off thy monstrous false Attire,
 Which was ne'er left thee by thy Sire ;
 Then we will join with thee to slur
 The *Fox*, the scratching *Puss*, and *Cur*.
 But tell us plain both when and where,
 From *Fox* did *Tabby* Message bear,
 To make the Cub o'er Beasts the Heir.
 Pray *Bob* don't croak, but sweetly sing,
 In native Notes, tell us this thing :
 Thou need'st no Consequences fear,
 For all the winged Squadrons swear,
 That honest *Bob* they'l harmless bear ;
 And form a Junto which shall drub
 The treach'rous *Fox* and his *Bear's* Cub :

For

For Beasts and Birds will both be sorry,
 That *Fox* and *Cub* their Young should worry.
 All thy old Tricks shall be forgot,
 If thou do plainly prove this Plot :

Then speak in time, e'er Beasts and Birds
 Be sent home to their several Herds.

But if thou keep'st us in suspense,
 And be bought off by glittering Pence,
 Thou shalt not long hop, chirp, and peck,
Fox, *Puss*, and *Cur* will wring thy Neck :

Vulturs and *Kites* from Lillies come,

The *Bears* among the Thistles foam,

Wolves from Potatoes swear thy Doom.

You see how *Fox*, with gilded Grains,
 His Power o'er Birds and Beasts maintains ;
 And makes the Grove with Notes to ring,
 He loves not *Cub*, nor no such thing :

But he and th' other Beasts took care

To keep out that presumptive Heir ;

That he 'mong Thistles should not shelter,

And sav'd some *Solan Geese* from Halter.

Yet each good Bird and Beast supposes

The *Cub*, Potatoes, Thistles, Roses,

By *Fox's* means hopes to regain,
 When *Wolves* attend him o'er the Main.
 Then pray, Good *Bob*, break this Nest-Egg ;
 Let *Fox* be hang'd, t'atone for G——gg :
 That all the Birds may loudly pray,
Bob live for ever and for ay ;
 And all the Beasts *Amen* will say.
 My Lady then will live in peace,
 And *Bob* may have his former Place.

BUT if you my Advice despise,
 May *Puffs* scratch out both *Robin's* Eyes,
 And *Fox* share in the Sacrifice.



I am, Dear *Bob*,

Thine Own

Solan Goose.

